Fal You rogue, heeres lime in this ſacke too, there is nothing but rogery to be foūd in villanous man, yet a coward is worſe then a cup of ſack with lime in it. A villanous coward, Go thy waies old ſacke, die whē thou wilt, if māhood, good māhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten herring: there liues not three good men vnhangd in England, & one of them is fat, & growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world I ſay, I would I were a weauer, I could ſing pſalmes, or any thing. A plague of al cowards, I ſay ſtill.

Prin. How now, Wolſack, what mutter you?

Fal. A kings ſon? if I do not beat thee out of thy kingdome with a dagger of lath, & driue all thy ſubiectes afore thee like a flock of wildegeeſe, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you Prince of Wales.

Prin. Why you horſon round man, whats the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? anſwere me to that, and Poines there.

Poin. Zounds yee fat paunch, and ye cal me coward, by the Lord, Ile ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward? Ile ſee thee damnde ere I call thee coward, but I would giue a thouſand pounde I could runne as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtraight enough in the ſholders, you care not who ſees your backe: call you that backing of your friendes? a plague vpon ſuch backing: giue mee them that will face me; giue me a cup of ſacke. I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

Pri. O villaine, thy lips are ſcarſe wipt ſince thou drunkſt laſt.

Fal. All's one for that. *He drinketh.*
A plague of al cowards ſtil ſay I.

Pri. Whats the matter?

Fal. Whats the matter? here be foure of vs haue tane a thouſand pound this morning.

Prin. Where is it? Iacke, where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prin. What, a hundred man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe ſword, with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue ſcaped by miracle. I am eight times thruſt through the doublet, four through the hoſe, my

my buckler cut through and through, my ſword hackt like a hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum.* I neuer dealt better ſince I was a man, all would not doe. A plague of al cowards, let them ſpeake; if they ſpeake more or leſſe then truth, they are villaines, & the ſonnes of darkneſſe.

Gad. Speake, ſirs, how was it?

Roſs. We foure ſet vpon ſome dozen.

Falſt. Sixteene, at leaſt, my Lord.

Roſs. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a Iew elſe, and I brew Iew.

Roſs. As we were ſharing, ſome 6 or 7 freſh mē ſet vpō vs.

Fal. And vnbound the reſt, and then come in the other.

Prince What, fought yee with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radiſh: if there were not two or three and fifty vpon poore old Iacke, then am I no two leg'd creature.

Prince. Pray God, you haue not murthered ſome of them.

Fal. Nay, that's paſt praing for, I haue pepper'd two of thē. Two I am ſure I haue payed, two rogues in buckrom ſutes: I tel thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, ſpitte in my face; cal mee horſe: thou knoweſt my olde warde: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure rogues in buckrom let driue at me.

Prin. What, foure? thou ſaid'ſt but two, euen now.

Fal Foure, Hal, I told thee foure.

Poines I, I, he ſaid foure.

Fal. Theſe foure came all afront, and mainely thruſt at mee; I made no more adoe, but tooke al their ſeuen points in my target, thus.

Prin. Seuen? why there were but foure euen now.

Fal In buckrom.

Poines I, foure, in buckrom ſuites.

Fal. Seuen, by theſe hiltes, or I am a villaine elſe.

Prin Pre thee let him alone, we ſhal haue more anon.

Fal. Doeſt thou heare me Hal?

Prin. I, and marke thee too, Iacke.

Falſ.